The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE. {Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.}

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, JANUARY 30, 1886. NO. 40

"Happy Orphans."

A hundred little ducks or more,
Downy, soft, and yellow,
Were peeping out their discontent
In voices far from mellow.
I looked around in wonderment—
No mothers were at hand
To gather 'neath their outstretched wings
The doleful little band;

And as I gazed, a small, wee voice
From one duck seemed to say:
"Perhaps you think we like it,
This fine new-fangled way;
But it's very disagreeable,
For strange as it may seem,
We never had a mother—
They hatched us out by steam;

"And they call us 'Happy Orphans,'
When we're ready all to weep,
For no answering cluck comes back to us,
Though we peep, and peep, and peep.
They say it's scientific,
And I've no doubt it is true,
But I would rather have a mother—
Now really wouldn't you?"

—*Harper's Young Folks.*

Which is It?

Said Master Jones, "Now must we go
Without delay to the deepo."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so
Let's start at once for the daypo."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh,
We'll all run down to the deppo."

Groaned Mr. Jones, "Its mighty hot
To drive you all to the deepot."

These conflicts of pronunciation
Would not be if they called it "station."

"The pollywog
Is a baby-frog."

The Lady Test.

"I WOULD rather be seen out with Helen Coy than any girl in school," said Flaxie Hoffman complacently, as she stood in front of her mother, having the sash of her dress pinned. Her father was sitting at the window reading his paper, apparently taking no notice of the little daughter.

"Why?" asked her mother, quietly,—*very* quietly,—for she did not like Flaxie's thinking or caring abont "being seen" with Helen Coy or anybody else,

"Oh, I don't know, mother. She is such a thorough lady," said Flaxie.

"More so than the other girls?" questioned Mrs. Hoffman, who for some reason had doubts of Helen's superior ladyhood. "What are the signs of it?"

But the sash-pininng being accomplished, Flaxie hastily gave her mother a kiss and flitted off to join this much-admired friend in an evening walk. She was not sorry to avoid the necessity of answering her mother's last question, though she tried to answer it to herself as she approached the fine brown-stone front where Helen lived.

"I could not make mother understand what I meant," she said to herself, as the impression of faultless gloves and shoes, well-attuned colors, pinked and polished nails, dainty appointments of every sort came back upon her in connection with Helen. But here was the stylish black man at the door, holding out a tiny silver waiter for her card.

Flaxie's pleasant walk was somewhat marred by an unexpected encounter. As she and Helen strolled through the shady avenues of Druid Hill Park, a voice from one of the benches called

out: "Flaxie — Flaxie Hoffman! come here a minute."

Flaxie turned in surprise, and saw Mrs. Winston, a young neighbor of theirs, sitting on one of the rustic seats, holding on her lap a pale, sick-looking baby. Mrs. Winston was a sweet woman, and Flaxie was very fond of her. She turned at once and went up to her side, leaving Helen swinging her lace parasol on the avenue.

"Flaxie, dear," said Mrs. Winston, "I hated to interrupt you, but I am in so much distress that I knew you would forgive it. Mr. Winston brought me and the children out for a little fresh air, this afternoon, and left us here while he went back to attend to some business that could not be put off. While baby Jean slept on my knee, I actually dozed off (you know I have lost so much rest with her), and when I opened my eyes, Willy was nowhere to be seen. I feel so alarmed lest he should have gone to the lake. Would you mind sitting here and holding baby a minute, while I run after him?"

Flaxie's kind heart was at once engaged. She *did* mind a good deal having her stylish friend kept waiting while she nursed Mrs. Winston's fretful little baby; but she was too true to her conscience and sense of right not to respond cordially, "Certainly, I will hold Jean, or look for Willy—whichever will help you most."

"Thank you, my dear, good child," said Mrs. Winston; "I think I had better look for Willy —he might be tronblesome about coming back for you," and the young mother's anxiety gave wings to her feet; in an instant she was out of sight. Miss Helen Coy then approached her friend in wide-eyed amazement. Now Helen considered herself extremely well-bred, and one of her rules was always to speak quietly—no matter what happened, never to get excited.

But in this instance she found it hard to be quiet, because she was very angry with Flaxie.

"Well, really," she began, in a tone that was almost loud, and then she stopped and bit her lip.

"I am ever so sorry, Helen," said poor, embarrassed Flaxie, "to have you inconvenienced; but you see I could not help it. Mrs. Winston was in so much trouble, it would have been cruel in me not to do anything I could for her."

"I wonder you allow such impertinence," said Helen, coldly.

Flaxie's cheeks began to flush a different red now, for much as she admired Helen, she was a loyal little girl to all her friends, and she felt that she must resent Helen's contempt of Mrs. Winston.

But just then Helen spied acquaintances in a carriage which was nearing them, and hastily left Flaxie, saying as she sped away, "Please don't involve *me* in this nursing of town-babies." She sat down at some distance from the little nurse in charge, but the people in the carriage did not seem to observe her; and Flaxie, angry now, and hurt to the quick, devoted herself to the poor little baby, and tried to soothe its fretfulness. Mrs. Winston soon came back, relieved and happy, having found the little truant in his returning father's charge.

"You were an angel of mercy to me, Flaxie," she said, giving the young girl a tender kiss.

"I'm afraid wee Jean hasn't such a good account to give of me," she said, smiling merrily; "she didn't approve of the change of nurses at all."

As Flaxie went off to join Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Winston observed the distance at which that young lady had kept herself, and her clouded expression; they did not have to see through a millstone to divine how matters stood.

When the Hoffmans gathered around the tea-table that night, Mr. Hoffman said rather abruptly: "Well, Flaxie, I don't know your friend, Miss Helen Coy, but you've got one thorough lady in your school, to my knowledge."

"Who, sir?" asked his daughter, wonderingly; and then Mr. Hoffman told them that he had been riding in a full street-car that evening, so full that every gentleman was standing, when a very poor, a very dirty woman got in, carrying a baby. "She looked tired," said Mr. Hoffman, "but there seemed no chance of a seat, when a sweet-looking girl, whom I recognized as Mary Robb, got up quietly and put the woman in her seat. What pleased me particularly was that she made no fuss over it, but looked perfectly unconscious of having done a kind deed."

"I know another high-school girl that stood the lady test this evening," said the mother's voice with a little tremble in it. (Flaxie did not dream that her mother had seen Mr. Winston before dark.) Then came the Druid Hill Park story, without the names; but either Flaxie's blushes or the mother's shining eyes betrayed the little girl, and she had to submit to several fatherly and big-brotherly kisses, and at evening prayers Aunt Jane said,—and everybody *felt* why, —"Let's sing 'God made my life a little song."

For the Myrtle.

A True Christmas Story.

BY S. J. HARTMAN.

While Christmas is fresh in the minds of the MYRTLE readers, I would like to tell them through its pages about a little boy who is poor in this worlds goods, but rich in the possession of a contented mind. December 24, 1884 he lived in the southern part of Herkimer County, State of New York. He asked his mother before retiring if he could hang his stockIng by the chimney, she told him yes and quickly turned her head to hide the falling tears; she knew there was nothing in the house that would please him but six raisins. He took a clean stocking and hanging it on the nail, went whistling off to bed. Christmas morning found him up and dressed long before daylight. He hurried down stairs snatched the stocking and drew out a small white package. Child-like he could not wait to untie the string, so quickly tearing off the paper he discovered the raisins. Returning to the bedroom door he exclaimed "Oh ma see what Santa Claus brought me."

Ah thought she, "a contented mind is a continual feast."

After the holidays Arthur started for school; as the day was too cold for out-door sports the scholars gathered around the stove, at recess and amused the teacher by telling what they received Christmas. When it came little Arthur's turn his eyes beamed with joy as he said "don't you think I got six raisins." Tears unbidden filled the eyes of the teacher, to think the one who received the least, was the most thankful. Shortly after, she related the story to an aunt living in the village of Herkimer. The two pledged each other that if they lived until another Christmas, they would spend what time and money they could in preparing presents for the poorest children in the village. Two weeks ago the kind-hearted aunt commenced making white tarleton stockings embroidered and tied with blue zephyr. Christmas Eve they were well filled with nuts, raisins candies etc. Two young ladies who were selected to act as Santa Claus went forth on their mission of love. In some of the homes Faith had already set the plates and the children waited for the Lord to fill them. They placed a stocking and mammoth orange upon each one, and left amid the thanks and tears of the grateful parents. They entered one home at the upper end of the town. How many children have you? two the mother replied; they asked me before they went to bed to set plates for them I told them it was no use, there was nothing to put on them. Readers, imagine the joy that filled the hearts of those little ones as they arose the next morning. Was it not a rich reward for all the time and money spent. O ye rich go and do likewise.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. It there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss. —*Sel.*

Panama Hats.

The famous Panama hats are all made in Guayaquil, Ecuador, and get their name because Panama merchants formerly controlled the trade. They are braided under water, by native women, and are made of pita fiber a sort of palm. The strands are often twelve or fifteen feet long. Very fine hats are very expensive. It often takes two or three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for five or six dollars, and never wears out. A traveler speaks of one made of a single straw, or fiber, as fine as thread and soft as silk. The woman who made it was engaged four months in the work, and it was valued at two hundred and fifty dollars.—*Sel.*

IT would be well if all the school-boys and college-students in our "Christian" land would do as sixteen youths in Japan did in a government college. They, it is stated, formed a society, each signing a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, opium and tobacco, and to make the Bible their rule of conduct.

For the Myrtle.

Doubtful.

A very close battle
Is sure to be fought
When out boys, and fort boys
Are face to face brought.

And you never can guess
With the outs, and the in,
Which one of the parties
Is goiug to win.

E. M. B.

The Truest Courage.

Many a boy is led into a wrong course through cowardice. The meanest kind of cowardiee consists in being afraid to be considered a coward. Evil companions tempt to wrong-doing, and when objection is urged, they find a convenient reply in the remark, "O, you're afraid! I wouldn't be a coward!" And the poor fellow to whom the remark is made, instead of standing up in a manly way and saying, "I am not a coward, and yet I am afraid to do wrong," blushes and hesitates, and finally stammers a reluctant consent. His cowardly heart gets the better of his conscience.

Several years ago a bright lad, a pupil in the celebrated school in Rugby, England, died. After his death his friends opened his school desk, and among his books and papers they found a little scrap on which was written, "O, God, give me courage that I may fear none but thee."

Doubtless this boy had been exposed to temptation from wicked school-mates, and had found need to pray for courage to resist. He was no coward, and was not afraid to be called one.

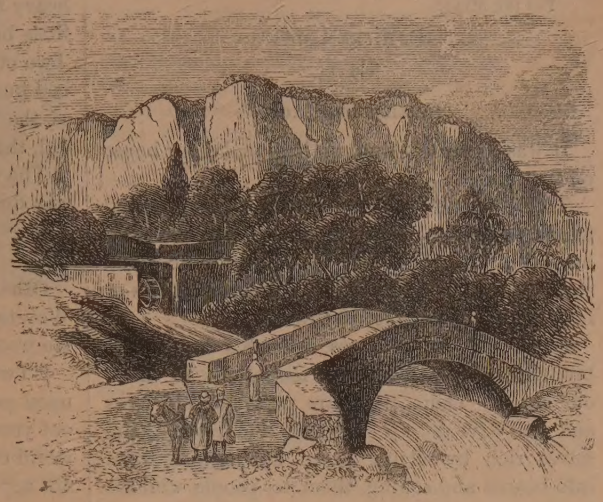
There is a beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Lord Lawrence, a brave English soldier. It has this inscription: "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." His true, loving fear of God made him fearless in the presence of men.

This is the truest courage. It gives the victory over temptation and sin, and helps to a decision for the right. Solomon has two proverbe we do well to remember: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent tnou not."

Try It.

Take a slip of paper and place thereon in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks, and days. Multiply the sum by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,770; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of years you have lived, and see if you do not obtain figures you will not be likely to forget.

One of the great mistakes which people are constantly making is overlooking small opportunities, and waiting for great ones.



For the Myrtle.

Be Faithful.

WHEN the little drop of water made a strong effort to join the other drops that made the mountain brook, a tree that was bending over the place where the little drop lay, and indeed had shaken the drop down after the shower from its own branches, said:

"Why do you try so hard to get to the brook? One drop can't do much toward helping in that current."

"I can at least try:" the drop replied. "And I will not forget that the whole brook is made up of single drops. If they had not each done their duty, there would never have been any brook to do service for the world."

Can we not all remember the wisdom of that little drop of water? We are none of us very *great* helps as the tides of human life sweep on, but we can each do the duty of *one* person. We can be faithful each in our place, as is the one little drop of water when it does its part in the mountain brook, and then, with God's blessing, the generation to which we belong will move on to its goal, helpfully doing its part among the generations of men. E. M. B.

Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briers in the wild-woods. How much better it is to tell the truth at all times.

For the Mrytle.

Prairie Life.

No. II.

DWELLING PLACES.

It was a great deal of work to make our house on the prairie.

There was no lumber, brick or stone to be had nearer than town; there the brick was made and burned in the kilns, but all of the lumber and stone had to be brought from the mountains or from a greater distance to town.

Papa went many times with his horses and brought lumber from the mountains to make our home. There, there are plenty of big trees and men have set up saw-mills and made themselves rich by cutting down and sawing them into boards and selling them to people who are building.

If you were here I might show you other dwelling places not made of wood, brick or stone, where people live very comfortably. One of these is the *sod*-house. This is made by digging up the tough sod that has never before been broken, and building the sides of the house with large sods. The walls of the house are very thick and keep the cold out nicely, and these houses are cool in summer. When the roof is on and the windows in and the doors up, and the inside plastered, it is very comfortable.

I remember seeing one that looked very pleasant with its deep window seats full of bright-blooming flowers.

In some places the soil is of the kind that by mixing it with water, brick can be made of it and dried in the sun. This kind of brick is called *adobe*; and the houses made from them are commonly called "Doby" houses. Then there is another house called a "Dut-out." This is made as Eastern people would make a cellar and a roof put upon it. All of these dwelling-places vary in comfort and convenience in proportion to the means and ingenuity of their builders. Many families with small means have commenced Western life in these humble abodes and worked their way to comfort and elegance.

A little way out from town a man showed me the spot where once stood a "shanty" with a "dirt roof:" as there is an incident connected with it I will tell you about it. Not having the means to shingle the roof to keep the wet out, the owner had piled dirt upon it. There came a great rain and the dirt roof became so wet and heavy that it fell through upon the man and the little baby that he was rocking in the cradle. Two other little children were asleep upon the bed but their mother had laid them at the foot of the bed instead of the head as she usually did, thereby saving their lives.

The cradle saved the baby, but the poor man was dead when they reached him. H. H. D.

Daniel Webster's Advice.

Other boys may find the advice of Daniel Webster to his grandson of value to themselves. He wrote it about three years before his death.

"Two or three things I wish now to impress upon your mind. First, you cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good character and good behavior—a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be to act right, and fear nothing but wrong-doing. Finally, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you, and given you a mind and faculties, and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents, love your sister and brother, be gentle to all, avoid peevishness and fretfulness, be patient under restraint, look forward constantly to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish." —*Sel.*

SOME boys asked a young lad to join them in doing wrong. He said:

"No, I can't go with you; I've positive orders not to go."

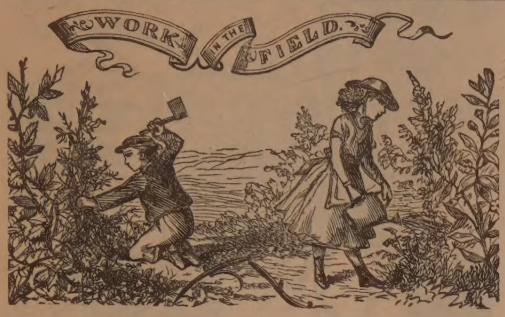
They said, "Nonsense; what are your orders?"

He had got a card from his mother, and when she gave it to him she explained the meaning. He had the card in his pocket, and taking it out he read the words printed on it:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

He was saved from the sin; and so can we be, by courage, prayer and the Bible. — *Youth's Evangelist.*

THE man who is not living aright is sour within, and the sour works out. He who lives aright is your sympathetic and generous man.



Sermon.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines. —*Song of Solomon* ii. 15.

'Our sermon to-day was very helpful:" said Andrew. "I enjoyed it, and I am sure that I shall profit by it."

"In what way is it going to help you? Mary asked.

"By teaching me how to avoid dangers in being careful about small temptations."

"I think we all need that kind of caution;" said Lucy "There are so many times when it seems that a little deviation from the right will make no real difference: and it may be that at the time the wrong way seems easier than the right way."

"That is just what our minister said. So many people think they will go the wrong way, because it seems easier, but in the end it will always prove that it was the hard way."

"Well! sometimes there is so little difference that it does not seem as if it would make you better or worse whichever way you might choose," said Lucy.

"Yes. There is where the difficulty comes in. If the way was wholly clear, and we could be able to say this way is surely right, and this surely wrong, then we should be glad to choose the right every time."

"Do you think we should."

"Yes. I feel quite sure of it. For almost every one knows that in the long run they are better off in right than in wrong."

Our minister said that he was newly reminded of the importance of this constant watchfulness by a little incident which came to him a short time ago. This was the way he told it.

Taking a sail one pleasant evening last summer, I happened to sit near the pilot. It was a calm, beautiful night, and the passengers were interested in books or in admiring the scenery. Every one seemed pleased and happy, and none dreamed of possible danger. Suddenly the captain sprang to the compass, and said, in a sharp voice, to the man at the wheel:

"You are a point off the course."

The deviation was corrected, and the captain turned away.

Only a point off the course.

"How accurate they must steer!" said I to a fellow-passenger.

"Yes," was the reply. "A point off might bring us on those rocks."

This set me to thinking. So it is in life. A little deviation from the right course may steer us into unsafe waters. A point aside from integrity may strand us on the rocks of dishonesty. A point from truthfulness may steer us on the rocks of falsehood and deceit. A point from perfect obedience may land us on the rocks of sin, and a point from strict temperance may drift us on the rocks of intemperance and vice. Little sins are the steps to greater ones, and the beginnings are always small. So, children, look out for the rocks. Do not think lightly of small sins, but steer clear of them. Take for your compass the Bible, follow its precepts, obey its commandments, and it will lead you into safe waters.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At Christmas time this year our Lynn Sunday school gave presents instead of receiving. There were fully two thousand offerings. The presents were distributed at the Childrens Home, Old Ladies' Home, Almshouse, People's Mission and Hospitals; also through many benevolent Physicians and by private hands. The whole of the childrens gifts were distributed directly to the persons they most desired to benefit.

The school of the Shawmut Church Boston has a total membership of one hundred and eighty-seven. On a recent Sunday there were present one hundred and seventy-six. Thirteen full classes.

NEW YORK.

At the Church of Divine Paternity the Sunday school prospers. New scholars are coming in each Sunday. The vestry will soon be beautified. The money is in the treasury, and needed and desirable improvements will be made.

At Victor the ladies of the parish are about making repairs and improvements in the Sunday school room.

Much interest is shown in the school at Henderson. The attendance averages about one hundrsd.

At Oneonta the Sunday school has more than doubled in six months.

At Canton the Sunday school prospers with Miss Hattie M. Post as the efficient successful superintendent.

CONNECTICUT.

The Sunday school in Meriden is putting on new life under its new superintendent. All the officers and teachers are working together to enlarge its scope and interest. A new library is to be purchased consisting of several hundred volumes.

At New London the Sunday school holds its regular sessions whether there is a minister in the pulpit on the Sunday or not.

At New Britain the Sunday school prospers.

OHIO.

At Cincinnati the Sunday school is steadily increasing.

In the Cincinnati church the interest in the Sunday school work is growing.

INDIANA.

A letter from Dublin says "We have a nice Sunday school. It averages 40."

MICHIGAN.

At Charlotte the Sunday school is increasing in numbers and interest.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

226.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 13, 12, 22, 18 is a wild animal.
My 11, 3, 13, 24 is a valley.
My 23, 20, 17, 4, 24 is opposite to better.
My 1, 16, 17, 26 is a boy's name.
My 5, 19, 6, 16 is a girl's name.
My 2, 3, 19 is what we did this morning.
My 18, 7 is a negative.
My 8, 9, 18 is to put on.
My 10, 11, 24, 17, 15, 19, 19 is a boy's name.
My 14, 20, 16, 18 is to lend.
My 21, 10, 5, 21 is an act.
My 25, 9, 23 is not high.
My whole is found in Isaiah. *Daisy Kingsbury.*

227.—ANAGRAM.

Raoufv si teificude, dna uabety si ainv.
Clara G. Locke.

228.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

W—o—g—t—o—i—e—h—n—s—o—o—.
Walter Kitch.

229.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 5, 23, 14, 9, 27 is to want.
My 1, 2, 23, 14, 21 is to pilfer.
My 10, 26, 3, 27, 4 we hear.
My 16, 2, 19, 20, 22 is a hassock.
My 24, 17, 18, 7, 21, 14, 9 is a student.
My 12, 19, 13 is a motion that you made by your head.
My 15, 7, 8 is a pronoun.
My 11, 25 is a pronoun.
My 13, 14, 6 is the opposite of night.
My whole is good advice. *Pet Woods.*

230.—ANAGRAM.

I nvree wkne a siobdtneeid oyb ro rlgi woh cmeabe tirehe odog ro regat. *Pearl Abbott.*

231.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

L—v—t—e—o—d—h—G—d—i—h—l—t—y—e—r—.
Marjorie Wellington.

232.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 4, 5, 6, 7 means master.
My 8, 9, 10, 11 is the opposite of die.
My 12, 13, 6, 9, 10, 11 is to prosper.
My 1, 2, 6, 3, 11 is a number.
My 7, 5, 5, 6 is part of a room.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 6 is a part of the body.
My 7, 3, 11, 6 is a wild animal.
My 12, 13, 6, 9, 10, 11 is to flourish.
My whole is in the Bible.

220.—ENIGMA.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree.

221.—ANAGRAM.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

222.—ENIGMA.

If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land.

223.—ANAGRAM.

A wise son maketh a glad father.

224.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

Labor not to be rich.

225.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

C
S O N
C O V R R
N E W
R

OUR HARVESTERS.

Agnes Burt, 3; William Emery, 4; Henry R. Smith, 3; Ellen Smith, 3.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

Universalist Publishing House,

16 Bromfield St., Boston,
CHARLES CAVERLY, Agent.

MRS. E. M. BRUCE, EDITOR.

TERMS:—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.
Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names.* to one address, **50** cents each year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date on each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands. The paper will be sent, and bill collected therefor, until it is ordered to be discontinued.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
16 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.